THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1809.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

HER Grace the Duchess of Rutland, is the fifth daughter of Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who married Carolina, daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford. The lovely and accomplished Lady Elizabeth Howard was born Nov. 13, 1780, and married April 22, 1799, to John Henry Manners, Duke of Rutland. The issue of this marriage is Carolina, born May 25, 1800, and Elizabeth, born January 1802. Not having any sons, the duke's heir presumptive is Lord Charles Somerset Manners, brother to his grace.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XVII.

IN revealing some of the petty artifices resorted to by those who wear the cloak of religion to cover mercenary, or licentious views, I would not be understood to cast the least odium on those salutary forms of devotion, without an observance of which there cannot certainly be any true piety. It is not to any particular sect that I would point the finger of scorn, or attempt to insinuate that they deviate from the right path, because they do not chuse the road which I may prefer; my observations are only directed against those fanatic enthusiasts, who are misled by the hypocrisy of others, and an imbecility of mind which blinds them, and prevents their discovering the imposition practised on their credulity. It is possible, that many of the followers of that celebrated prophetess, Juanna Southcott, do not know the real source of all her boasted inspiration; the circumstance is this:—Being occupied in sweeping out an apartment of a house at Exeter, where she lived servant, she one day found a seal, on which the letters J. C. were engraved; not being able to find an owner for the seal, her mind, already inflamed with religious enthusiasm, caught fire at the incident, and she worked up her imagination into a belief that this seal was dropped from heaven, for her especial benefit, and was the signet of Jesus Christ. From that hour she boasted the gift of inspiration and prophecy, sealing papers for those acquaintances who placed confidence in her; which were asserted by her as sufficient to insure them eternal salvation. Uninformed minds are always caught by the marvellous: her fame consequently spread, and what was at first a fanatical phrenzy, became at length a source of emolument, which suggested the advantage of a continued imposition. The power of the Omnipotent is thus wrested from his hands by a presumptuous ignorant woman, and

her doctrines preached in language, such as would claim our commiseration in the cells of Bedlam. Nor is it confined to her followers, to impose on the credulity of others; there are sects, whose baneful influence is equally destructive to the cause of true religion. To illustrate the truth of which, it will be only necessary to relate the brief, but authentic family history, to which I alluded to in my last.

Jane Harris was the daughter of a pious and respectable tradesman in ————: she was married at the age of twenty-five, to a shopkeeper of repute in the same town; but whose early habits had unfitted him for domestic enjoyment, and whose chief relaxations from the fatigues of business were a newspaper and a pipe. Jane, finding herself thus deprived of society, flew for relief to the neighbouring gossips, who failed not to poison her mind with prejudices against her husband. She believed herself aggrieved and unhappy; her children, instead of affording her comfort, were considered burdensome; and, by casual association with some of the dissenting tribes, whose pernicious tenets inculcate despondency in the place of hope, she began to look upon worldly concerns as unworthy her attention, and was easily brought to believe her husband a creature devoted to perdition; her mind, in consequence, became gloomy and unsettled; her evil counsellers, who were for the most part needy and selfish, found their purposes answered, and their necessities relieved, by her prompt acquiescence to their suggestions. The greatest part of the day was passed at the tabernacle, and the remainder in idle gossipping; her husband's property was gradually diminished by her liberality to the fawning hypocrites who misled her, and her children were deprived of the comforts of life, that her charity might be extolled, and her salvation ensured. The husband, finding his home no longer endurable, became a confirmed sot; and ruin now actually stares in the face of a family, who might have enjoyed affluence and domestic comfort. The children are idle and uninformed, and, instead of becoming useful

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members of society, are likely to bring shame on themselves, and misery on parents, who, by their improper example, neither engage their love nor respect. The gloomy superstitious terrors which infest the mind of the mother, must render every act of devotion an act of fear and mortification; while the dissolute manners of the father, and his ridicule of such pursuits, may ultimately tend to make them infidels and profligates.

How different from this is the establishment of a truly virtuous and pious pair: hand in hand they tread the path of order and regularity; domestic comforts are endeared by participation, industry, frugality, and thankfulness. They consider worldly advantages as tokens of approbation from the Supreme; and, where they have the means to be charitable, their bounty is confined to no sect, but extended to the indigent of any persuasion, who have fallen into poverty rather through the injustice of others, than their own misconduct. The children of such parents may be truly said to "rise up and call them blessed;" and with such, religion attends in her most alluring garb, pointing out the brightest and most honourable reward to those who cheerfully and faithfully perform their part in this probationary state—a state, in which faith and good works are equally essential to our well-being.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

HEARING a gentleman, for several hours exclusively, annoy the company with rodomontade and stories, positively asserted to be facts, all of which you well remember to have seen much better told in Joe Miller.

Taking up a lady in the dark in your coach to a ball, whom your imagination pictures to be very handsome, but, upon entering the ball-room, finding her a *sheer Griffin.*

Receiving an uninteresting trifling letter, totally irrelevant to a subject of moment, of which you expected a full account.

In the Poetical Magazine, reading seven bombastical Odes upon the Jubilee.

On looking out of your window in the morning, seeing some handsome trees deprived of their boughs, now placed before your gate, which makes you think that "Burnam Wood is come to Dunsinane."

Having, in a dark night, rode for several hours full speed, finding yourself within two miles of the place from whence you first started.

In a narrow road, the progress of a journey on business, being impeded in the night by the overturning of a flying waggon, which blocks up the whole road.—N. B. No possibility of regaining the high road under five miles, and that only by intricate cross-roads, with which your driver is wholly unacquainted.

Attending a young lady to a ball, in hopes of attracting a considerable portion of her attention; but, to your great mortification, perceiving that you are not the favoured swain, but merely *a chip in porridge.*

Having requested a gentleman to procure you a pleasant partner, being introduced, no less to your disappointment than distress, to a Harpy instead of a Helen.

Being obliged to lay aside your papers, when "in the highest heaven of invention," by the entrance of the supper tray.

In the presence of several persons conversing upon an

interesting subject, writing a letter, which, when finished, you find to be a complete medley of nonsense.

Seated by the side of a lovely partner at the tea-table, at a country-ball, and having the misfortune to spill a cup of tea on your white kerseymeres and silk stockings, which obliges you immediately to quit the room for the remainder of the evening.

Endeavouring to write a valentine to a pretty girl, and finding your thoughts flow so slowly, that you are obliged to relinquish your undertaking; not, however, before you have bitten your nails to the quick, and scratched your head till it aches.

November, 1809. OCULEUS.

EPONIA,

THE wife of a general in the Roman army, who imprudently aspiring to the possession of the throne, has handed her name down to posterity, as a female justly to be admired for conjugal love. Sabinus, which was the name of Eponia's husband, found that the army which he commanded was unfaithful to his cause; for, perceiving themselves attacked by superior numbers, they deserted the man whom they had promised to support. An immense reward was offered for the apprehending of Sabinus, whose person was too generally known to admit of disguise; he, therefore, determined to resort to a stratagem, as the only likely method of preserving his life. Calling his few faithful adherents around him, he acknowledged his gratitude towards them in the strongest terms, but at the same time expressed his resolution of not surviving his unexpected defeat; and advised them to prepare for their own safety, declaring he had determined to set fire to his castle, and perish in the flames. In vain the attached friends of Sa-

binus endeavoured to divert him from that design, and finding their persuasions could not alter his resolution, they quitted him, in the hope of preserving their own lives. To a freedman, of the name of Martial, he alone imparted his real intention, which was to conceal himself in a subterraneous cavern, which had a communication with his house; when this faithful man undertook to circulate the story, which was to persuade his enemies he was dead. The superb mansion of Sabinus was set on fire in several places, the flames raged with a fury which prevented any person drawing near, and the account of the circumstance was immediately transmitted to Vespasian, and soon reached the unfortunate Eponia's ears. Fondly attached to the person of her husband, she heard the intelligence with an anguish which it would be difficult to describe; and, frantic with grief, and desperate from affliction, she resolved to put a period to her life. For three days she refused every kind of nourishment, when Martial being made acquainted with the violent effect of her grief, imparted to her the agreeable intelligence of her husband's existence, which banished the thoughts of death from her mind. Still, he informed her, it would be necessary to wear the semblance of sorrow, lest suspicions should arise: but at night he offered to conduct her to the cavern, on condition that she quitted it again before light. The extatic delight of Eponia, when she first beheld the object of her tenderness, though existing as it were in the jaws of a tomb, can only be conceived by those who have lost a husband to whom they were tenderly attached, and of whose unexpected recovery they are afterwards convinced. Frequent were the excuses which Eponia made her relations for absenting herself from Rome: and, after a time, she not only visited her husband of an evening, but passed whole days with him in the tomb. At length her apprehensions were excited by her situation, which likewise gave the mind of her husband a thousand alarms; but, by rubbing a poisonous ointment upon her, she ex-

cited a swelling both in her legs and arms. That her complaint was a dropsy, none of her friends doubted, and when her time drew near, she retired to the cave, and there, without any medical assistance, actually gave birth to a lovely boy. Near nine years she continued to visit her husband in his solitude, without exciting suspicion in the minds of his foes; and, during that period, twice became a mother, without having any female to supply the place of a nurse. At length her frequent absences from her family began to be remarked with a suspicious eye, her footsteps were watched, the secret was discovered, and the object of her tenderness condemned to die. The wretched Eponia threw herself at the feet of Vespasian, and, with all the pathos of true feeling, implored him to save her husband's life; at the same time she presented her two children to him, who joined in the solicitation, and enforced it with their tears. The voice of entreaty, however, pleaded in vain before the throne of justice; Sabinus had openly aspired to the throne, and Vespasian remained inflexible to the prayers of Eponia, or the affecting solicitations of her sons. Rising with an air of dignity from her humiliating posture, "Be assured," said she, "that I know how to contemn life: with Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, and with him I am resolved to die." Amongst the variety of instances which have been brought to prove that the power of attachment is capable of producing a contempt of life, none can be evinced in a more forcible manner than the present. The magnanimous Eponia seemed not only to have felt an indifference to existence, but pain, that greatest of all evils, she seems to have defied; for a woman giving birth to two infants without assistance, appears a greater act of fortitude than her disregard of life.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 184.)

CHAP. IV.

"If to this I should add, that female virtues never display themselves but in a life of retirement; that the peculiar province of women is in the peaceful management of their families; that their dignity consists in modesty; that bashfulness is in them inseparable from chastity; that to court the looks of the men is a mark of corruption; and that every woman dishonours herself who is fond of appearing in public, I should instantly raise against me the cry of that new philosophy, which hath its rise and declension in the midst of great cities."

Rousseau.

WHILE Cornelia was, with gay spirits and thoughtless security, partaking of the frivolous amusements with which places of fashionable resort abound, her amiable friend was engaged in an office of the most afflictive nature, that of attending the death-bed of a parent, whose prospects had been blighted by early indiscretion, and who suffered the sad secret to prey upon her mind, with all the horrors of self accusation and remorse. Harriet, who had ever looked up to her mother with respect and veneration, felt greatly shocked by the disclosure, and cautiously withheld the disgraceful truth, even from her dearest friend, until the grave closed over its devoted victim; she then deemed it necessary to explain to Cornelia her real situation, and accordingly sat down to the painful task, with feelings that may be better imagined than described.

It will not be necessary to go further back into her family history, than to say, that her mother's parents filled a respectable station in life, her grandfather was employed in the service of his country, and lost his life in a gallant and vigorous defence of the fortress which he was appointed to protect. This fatal occurrence took place in America: the disconsolate wife, with her orphan babes, were lef

destitute of protection, and their infant state rendered her fearful of exposing them to the perils and inconveniences of a voyage to England, where alone she had any connections; in addition to this consideration, was the cheapness of living at Canada, her pension was her sole dependence, and, for the sake of her children, she resolved to submit to every inconvenience, rather than diminish their scanty means of subsistence.

Her amiable manners and agreeable talents rendered her universally admired, and soon attracted the particular observation of one of the settlers, named Godwin. His circumstances were affluent, and his person pleasing; he made serious proposals to the widow, and was successful enough to engage her regard: as the pension allowed by government must be relinquished when she married, Mr. Godwin generously proposed settling an annuity on each of the children: his wife, anxiously desirous of appearing disinterested, strenuously opposed the measure, alledging that it would be sufficient if such a plan was adopted when there was any prospect of an addition to her family; till then, she did not wish her children to be rendered independent. Her persuasions, unfortunately, were attended to; years passed away without any provision being made for the girls; and as no new claimants for the affection of Mr. Godwin appeared, he treated them with tenderness truly paternal.

As Mr. Godwin lived in a very genteel, though not extravagant style, his house was resorted to by most of the military who were garrisoned there; and as Margaret, Mrs. Godwin's eldest daughter, grew up a most beautiful girl, she soon became a magnet of attraction to the gay officers. Lord Donnellon, the deputy comptroller-general, was universally considered a man of gallantry; his rank and talents of insinuation rendered him irresistible, and the vanity of a fond mother was gratified, in beholding the attentions of such a man devoted to her daughter. Godwin at length remonstrated; he spoke to Lord Donnellon on the subject, and received for answer, that he was pas-

sionately enamoured of Margaret, but would not be hurried into any measures by the too cautious formality of parents. Godwin, though a well-meaning man, was entirely ruled by his wife, and, as he did not possess much worldly policy, began to fear that he had carried it with too high a hand, considering the person who so highly honoured his family.

Mistaken notion: while these two ambitious parents were deliberating on the forms of etiquette, their child was becoming the victim of an ill-fated passion; and the crafty Donnellon, who had just received letters of recall from England, planning the destruction of their hopes, and the ruin of the fond credulous girl, who, in an unthinking moment, promised to accompany him. Caroline, the reverse of her sister, was cold, narrow-minded, and selfish; the unbounded admiration Margaret every where commanded, raised her envy, and excited in her malignant breast unextinguished hatred: she had beheld Donnellon with a partial eye, but finding he treated her with immoveable indifference, policy suggested to her a new manœuvre, and she pretended to become his warmest advocate; her view was to remove Margaret, that she might, at some future period, possess the whole of Godwin's property, and still further gratify her secret enmity, by exposing this admired sister to contempt and shame. She therefore, when Margaret hinted a wish that her lover would enter into an explanation with her parents, endeavoured to prepossess her with the idea that Godwin was prejudiced against Lord Donnellon, and would strenuously oppose the union, persuaded her to throw off such fastidiousness, and place confidence in the honour and generosity of Lord Donnellon. Poor Margaret was but too easily persuaded to act as her wishes dictated, and having every thing in readiness, aided by the malignant Caroline, got on board about five minutes before they sailed.

The distraction of Mrs. Godwin may be easily imagined; she was conscious that she ought to blame herself solely

as the cause of this misfortune, and remorse embittered the future hours of her existence; for when the unfortunate young creature was beyond the reach of rescue or protection, Caroline, with affected innocence and regret, informed her parents that "she understood Donnellon was a married man." This intelligence was but too cruelly confirmed by a letter, which the wretched mother soon after received from Margaret; she spoke highly of his lordship's kindness to her, and, by way of vindicating him, the infatuated girl alledged, that Lord Donnellon had not lived with his wife for many years, and had most faithfully promised her, that if he outlived the countess he would marry her. Mrs. Godwin knew full well the fallacy of such hopes; she intreated her child to leave her seducer, and return to her arms; made known to her the insolent and undutiful conduct of Carolina, who seemed to exult in her misery, and complained bitterly of the alteration which had taken place in Godwin's behaviour towards herself, the consequence, she said, of the disgrace which Margaret's conduct had brought upon him. Margaret, however, was too much delighted with the new sphere in which she moved, to heed these remonstrances; she was indulged by the fond Donnellon in every wish of her heart, and the fascinations of pleasure stifled the suggestions of conscience; nor, till she learnt that her misconduct had shortened the days of her unhappy mother, did she allow herself a moment's time for reflection.

But when she became a mother herself—when she beheld her child looking up to her for example, for support, for name and respectability—then, and not till then, did she feel the full sense of her error; what then was all the pomp of transient splendor, to the secret sorrow of the heart, the anguish of self-upbraiding! The father of her children blushed to acknowledge them to the world—he blushed to proclaim himself a seducer; and though he detested the woman to whom he was lawfully united, he respected the claims of her children, and considered every favour be-

stowed on his illegitimate offspring as an abridgment of their rights; such is the powerful force of custom—the sentiment may be unworthy in some particulars, but in a moral sense it is certainly right, and beneficial to the laws of civilized society.

Lord Donnellon was not a man of depraved disposition; the latitude allowed to men of condition in this country, made him consider an affair of gallantry as a feather in his cap; if women would be complying, he thought he had a right to try their complaisance to the utmost, and while he rested his hopes of success merely on his own powers of persuasion, he thought himself fully justified in the eyes of all reasonable people—which, with him, were *all people of fashion.* Yet his feelings towards Margaret were of a more lively nature than those which generally actuated him in his intrigues; he loved and esteemed her, and, at the time when his affection was at the height, would certainly have married her, had his destiny been so accommodating, as to have released him from his first earthly tie; but a return to the gay world gradually obliterated these impressions; he grew cold and negligent, delayed making any provision for the two children which Margaret had brought him, and soon, very soon, began to consider them an irksome incumbrance. Margaret saw this, and her heart sunk within her—her halcyon days were passed, remorse and anxiety preyed upon her cheek; when she turned to her innocent injured babes, every lisping accent of fondness seemed a reproach to her: such must ever be the feelings of a guilty mother. She recollected that her folly had broken the heart of her parent, that she had brought disgrace on the name of a respectable man, and sacrificed every bright prospect in life, for empty show and misplaced affection—bitter were these reflections—no longer scenes of gaiety amused her: her nights were robbed of repose, and corrosive opiates were at once the support and destruction of nature.

Lord Donnellon was at length prevailed on to think of

some establishment for young Lucius, and the mother's heart experienced a fresh pang, at his being destined to the navy; she shuddered at the hardships and dangers to which he must be exposed, and with the darling of her hopes all her dreams of happiness vanished for ever. The affectionate attentions of the amiable Harriet soothed her awhile to tranquillity, and she often blessed heaven that her child was not handsome, that she might escape the snare of seduction; year after year her constitution seemed gradually breaking. Anticipation and recollection form all the pleasures and all the miseries of life: we regard the present but as it reminds us of the past, or bids us look forward to the future. With poor Margaret, alas! certain mortification must attend either; recollection pictured the comforts and happiness she might have enjoyed—the present was a scene of shame and disappointment, and the future promised little but cheerless uncertainty.

The struggles of a wounded spirit were at length at an end. The trifling sum periodically allowed by Lord Donnellon—for he had taken a new favourite, and long since deserted Margaret—was an insufficient maintenance, and the gloomy horrors of approaching poverty terminated her career of misery. On the bed of sickness—not the casual sufferings of the corporeal frame, but the sickening anguish of the soul—Mrs. Montague called her child to her, and thus addressed her, "My Harriet, the idle vanities of this world are now ceasing to interest me; there was a time when I would have suffered any torture rather than tell my child that she had no right to the name she bore; that she was the illegitimate offspring of guilt and shame."—Harriet started; she grasped her mother's hand with convulsive energy; her lips moved, but extreme anguish rendered the sounds inarticulate. Mrs. Montague fixed her languid eyes upon her, she read all the feelings of her susceptible soul, and her own throbbed with unutterable pangs, as she inflicted this wound on the sensibility of her sweet girl; she then imparted to her all the particulars

that have been already related, she hung Lord Donnellon's portrait round her neck; and, after devoting a few moments to the tears she could not repress, proceeded thus—"In witnessing this scene, my child, you have an important lesson; never suffer it to be erased from your mind; recollect, in every situation of life, that virtue, however humbly habited, will render every object pleasurable; the gaieties of the world, though they may deceive the superficial observer, conceal many corroding thorns; and splendor, without innocence, is but the idle mockery of a dream. I feel the most salutary consolation in the idea that your person is not likely ever to become an object of temptation to the licentious; in the resources of a well-furnished mind, you will find constant incentives to virtue; your dear brother may, perhaps, live to be your friend—you have no other. *He*, who should be your protector, has other claims, other engagements; you have been well-educated, and I trust your own abilities will keep you from indigence: but remember my parting injunction, never apply for relief, whatever distress may assail you, to that cruel woman who has been, in great measure, the cause of my misfortunes; she has been married, I find, to a Frenchman, and now resides in London, where they keep a hair-dresser's shop. Should she, through motives of curiosity, search you out, reject her proffered favours; I know the disposition of Caroline too well to be deceived, a child of mine can never be regarded by her with affection. Agreeably to the wishes of your father, his name shall never pass these lips; you have his portrait, Harriet, it is an accurate resemblance of features, which once were, by me, thought expressive of every amiable sentiment: should you ever meet him, you cannot fail to recognize a parent, but preserve an independent dignity of mind, and seek him not." This was the last serious conversation they had together; Mrs. Montague expired the next day, leaving poor Harriet inconsolable for her loss.

Harriet had besides another secret, which she resolutely

persisted in keeping from her friend; it was a hopeless passion, to which she had incautiously yielded herself a victim; yet, though Harriet had not the power to avoid loving an object, every way worthy of esteem, she had sufficient strength of mind to keep her weakness a secret, even from her most intimate associate; and she had too much good sense to consider it any breach of friendship, that she did not disclose sentiments which reason forbade her to encourage. The object of her attachment was a stranger to it, and it was her firm intention that he should ever remain so. Yet she exerted the native energies of her mind, and yielded not herself a prey to despondency; but knowing that she was not criminal in act or idea, she determined, to the best of her abilities, to secure herself a genteel maintenance, and requested her friend, through the influence of Lady Clerville, to obtain for her a situation in a respectable boarding school, or as private governess in a gentleman's family. Cornelia read her letter with great emotion, and deeply regretted that it was not in her power to offer her beloved friend such an asylum as she could, consistently with her desire of independence, accept; she wrote her immediately a most affectionate answer, and assured her that Lady Clerville would most readily exert herself in her favour.

A trifling adventure which occurred soon after this, though apparently unimportant in itself, was attended with consequences of a most serious nature. Returning one day, after a ramble of about two miles, which Cornelia had been taking, attended only by a servant, she was met in a narrow lane by an unruly horse, who had thrown his rider, and was running furiously down the narrow path. Cornelia, seeing her danger, hastily endeavoured to climb the bank at the side, but in her trepidation, not observing sufficient caution, the slight fence on the top gave way, and she fell into a shallow ditch on the other side. Stephen soon released her, but her dress was so much soiled, that it was impossible for her to return to Bath without a con-

veyance; and she accordingly dispatched the servant to the city for a chair, having observed a cottage at a small distance, where she told him she would wait his return.—Stephen immediately hastened forward, while Cornelia repaired to the humble habitation, to beg the favour of temporary accommodation. She found the inhabitants of the cottage in a great bustle, occasioned by the birth of a fine boy, the mother of whom was distinguished from the cottagers by a superiority of manner, which struck Cornelia the moment she beheld her. Cornelia made an apology for her unseasonable intrusion; to which the mistress of the cottage very civilly replied, that she was extremely welcome to whatever assistance they could afford her, and that, as Madame Julianna was so much better than could have been expected, there was no occasion for her to retire. Cornelia, encouraged by this, took the seat offered her, caressed the infant, and inquired of the good dame whether it was related to her. Mrs. Howell hesitated, but soon recollecting herself, said, "Why, truly, madam, I cannot say that he is; his mother is a foreigner. Poor soul! she has had her troubles, but, thank God, she is now restored to her senses, and will, I hope, live to see justice done to her child."—"Does she then labour under any particular difficulties?" asked Cornelia. "Why, indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Howell, in an under voice, "I have my apprehensions; and though I believe she is lawfully married, I fear all is not right; but she is moving, and I would not have her know that I have dropped any hints."—"I feel much interested on her account," said Cornelia; "she appears young and beautiful, and if she is friendless in a strange country, it may not be deemed impertinent in me to offer my services in any way that may be conducive to her benefit; perhaps you will allow me to call again, and inquire how she is."—"Certainly, madam," replied the simple openhearted woman; "it will be doing us an honour; for though the poor thing cannot speak English well enough to be understood, she can make out a few phrases,

and seems very grateful for any kindness. Perhaps you understand Italian?"—"I do not," replied Cornelia, "but I may, nevertheless, have power to serve her, therefore I will take the liberty of calling again; in the mean time, if any pecuniary aid is necessary, it is at your service."

Mrs. Howell thanked her with many expressions of gratitude, but declined accepting of any for the present. Stephen just then arriving with a chair, Cornelia stepped up to the fair emigré, and kindly taking her hand, pressed it with an expression of kindness, which seemed to give her pleasure, and departed, with an assurance that she would call the next day. When she reached Lady Clerville, she related what had passed, and was rallied by Lady Virginia on her pretty romantic adventure; and they amused themselves with a variety of conjectures on the subject.

(To be continued.)

A SINGULAR FACT in the BRUTE CREATION.

PUBLISHED IN THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF BERLIN, 1749.

A CITIZEN of Berlin had a very little lap-dog, which ran about a back-yard belonging to the house, where some poultry was kept. It happened that, when the creature was pregnant, there was in the yard among the fowls a turkey-cock; the turkey-cock, upon the little dog's coming into the yard as usual, ran after it, making a noise, and striking it with his beak. This was often repeated, the dog always running away, greatly terrified. The poor persecuted animal some time afterwards produced a puppy, which had a head greatly resembling that of its enemy the turkey-cock, not only in its external appearance, but in the very bones themselves; the rest of the body was that of a dog in its natural state. This monster died soon after its birth, and was dissected by an eminent surgeon, by whom the skeleton is still preserved.

CROSS PURPOSES.

A DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 230.)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Mr. Mowbray's House.

*Lord George, *Mr. Dashwood, and Mr. Mowbray.*

Mr. M.—The particulars you have just revealed to me can make no alterations in my plans, my lord. The deception was certainly reprehensible, and the fatal effects of it are deeply to be regretted; however, as no further ill consequences are to be apprehended, I am willing that my daughter shall be yours, if you can make yourselves agreeable to each other. Poor Fanny! I pity her hapless fate; she was a lovely and artless girl.

Mr. D.—Perhaps, sir, this unfortunate affair may have been circulated to my brother's disadvantage, and may have prejudiced Miss Mowbray against him.

Mr. M.—Why, to tell you the truth, she has heard of it, and, with all the pride of a woman of nice feelings, has declared she never will give her hand to the seducer of innocence; but this timely explanation will, no doubt, remove her objections. I will summon her to join us. Excuse me a moment. [*Exit.*

Lord G.—Let this be a lesson to you, my dear Edward, how dangerous it is to quit the path of rectitude; repentance is ever tardy in its progress, and generally arrives too late for atonement. I have perhaps lost the esteem of a sensible and virtuous girl by this youthful levity.

Mr. D.—Let us hope not; but they come.

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* In the two last scenes, by mistake, the name of Mowbray was inserted instead of Dashwood. Vide pages 203—287.

Enter Mr. Mowbray, leading Fanny, veiled. She appears greatly agitated when Lord George and Mr. Dashwood are introduced to her.

Mr. M.—I have with difficulty prevailed on my daughter to consent to this interview, my lord; her prejudices are strong against you, and I am concerned to add, that she positively declines the honour of an alliance with you. Perhaps, when she hears your justification from your own lips, she will alter this rash determination.

Lord G.—I was in hopes, sir, that you would have explained.

Mr. D.—That painful task devolves on me; I am the aggressor, and must now make all the reparation in my power. Madam, I presume to intreat your attention to a tale of shame and duplicity, which has been the cause of this unfortunate misunderstanding:—When travelling this way, about two years ago, I was severely hurt by the overturning of my carriage; to the hospitality of your amiable neighbour, Mrs. Somers, I owed my restoration to health. The charms of her daughter made a deep impression on my heart, but worldly prejudices, and the libertine principles I had imbibed, by imprudent association with young men of loose morals, put all thoughts of marriage out of my head; I was but too successful in engaging her affections, and with deliberate villany profited by the advantage. The more I saw of the sweet girl, the more sensibly I felt the injustice of my conduct; but I was a younger brother, and wholly dependant on a father, whose many estimable qualities were obscured by the vain pride of ancestry. To make Fanny the more perfectly convinced of the disparity of our situations in life, I took upon myself my brother's title, assuring her that at the death of the earl, my father, I would come and claim her for my bride; this lulled her for a short time into security; but my subsequent neglect occasioned her so much unhappiness, that she discovered the fatal secret to her father. The poor old

man, filled with grief and indignation, pursued me to London; but his search was eluded by his inquiring for Lord George, who had just set out on a tour to Italy. He returned almost heart-broken, and I need not inform you of the melancholy event which followed. All I can now say is, that I am sincerely repentant for my misconduct; but as sad circumstances put it out of my power to evince my sincerity, otherwise than by words, I throw myself on your generosity and candour, Miss Mowbray, to forgive the past, and not add to the self-reproach and anguish I now endure, by including my brother in the disgrace which I only have deserved.

Fanny.—It is easy to affect repentance, sir, when reparation is out of our power; were the unfortunate victim of your libertinism still living, you would perhaps even now refuse to do her justice, and suffer the stigma on the family name to remain unatoned for.

Mr. D.—By heavens, you wrong me, madam! The lost Fanny is still dear to my heart, and for her sake, independent of every other consideration, I would make her my wife.

Mr. M.—But the earl—would he consent?

Lord G.—My father, though still living, is unhappily not in a state to interfere further in affairs of this nature—we expect every hour to hear of his dissolution. It was his anxiety to have my union with Miss Mowbray celebrated while he yet lived, to bless us, that occasioned this abrupt visit.

Fanny.—And do you, my lord, believe your brother's assertions to be sincere?

Lord G.—I am convinced of it; he has long avowed these sentiments, and I can give you my honour, that he accompanied me to this part of the country in the hope of finding his Fanny alive, and engaging himself, by the most honourable ties, to the object of his unalterable affection, though he has not yet undeceived Mrs. Somers in regard to his assumed title.

Fanny.—Mr. Mowbray, how shall I act?—speak for me—you know what I would say.

Mr. M.—Do not alarm yourself, my dear, *(removing her veil)*. Now, Mr. Dashwood, you have an opportunity of acting like a man of honour; you behold in this injured girl, not my daughter, but Fanny Somers.

Mr. D.—Am I so fortunate? Dear sir, this discovery fills me with rapture. If my Fanny can forgive me, she shall not again find me ungrateful.

Fanny.—Mr. Dashwood, you have caused me much unhappiness; and after being once so cruelly deceived, you must expect me to be somewhat incredulous. The generous kindness of Mr. Mowbray and his daughter have been extended to me, both in protection and advice; I now place my fate in his hands, and will be guided by him as by a father.

Mr. M.—Then, my dear, I think you may safely trust to the pleadings of your own heart; and if Mr. Dashwood is sincere, I have only to add my most heartfelt wishes for your happiness.

Mr. D.—I am ready to prove my sinceity with my life.

Mr. M. (Smiling.)—He shall not put it to such a strong test; a lawyer's pen will answer our purpose quite as well. But my daughter may as well appear, and then all the business can be transacted at once. But how is this, my lord? you look thoughtful.

Lord G.—I saw a young lady at the farm, whose manners impressed me with a conviction that she was not of the rustic class—could that be your daughter, sir?

Mr. M.—You have guessed rightly; I hope the impression was a favourable one.

Lord G.—I am happy to say, that nothing could give me greater delight than this discovery. Miss Mowbray was not sparing of her reproofs, I assure you, sir.

Mr. M.—Well, well, it matters not; the scheme was all her own; but as our little chapter of Cross Purposes

ends well, we will proceed to sign and seal general forgiveness.

Enter Miss Mowbray and Mrs. Somers.

Mr. M.—Oh, here is our little plotter. Georgianna, we have made a fortunate discovery; Lord George has been unjustly accused; it was his brother who assumed his title, and deceived Fanny, but he now claims her as his bride; and Lord George, with unimpeachable character, solicits your hand: which I think you can have no plea for refusing.

Miss M.—You have ever found me obedient to your commands, sir. If this acknowledgment is not sufficient for Lord George, to whom I have been undesignedly unjust, I may perhaps be induced to add, that inclination and duty are not at variance.

Lord G. (Taking her hand.)—Generous, candid girl, I will not prove ungrateful, believe me.

Mrs. S. (To Mr. Dashwood.)—I hope, sir, the indiscretion of my child will not be hereafter a source of domestic unhappiness.

Mr. D.—Believe me, Mrs. Somers, I am not such a wretch. I own that, in many instances, such a supposition is but too just; but I feel a perfect conviction of my Fanny's virtuous principles, and it shall be the study of my life to make amends for the unhappiness I have already caused her, by future proofs of respect and affection.

Mrs. S.—Then, sir, I am satisfied; and may heaven bless you together.

Mr. M.—Come, my friends, we will adjourn business till after dinner. I have sent for the gentlemen of the long robe; and, when all is arranged, we will fill our glasses, and drink success to all matrimonial negociations.

[*Exeunt.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. YOUNG THE ACTOR.

From "A Dane's Excursion in Britain."

SPEAKING of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson, says, "It is not much larger than the little theatre in the Haymarket. Too much cannot be said in praise of the interior; there was a profusion of artificial ornaments, and the curtain most appropriately displayed the muses, with Fame in their front, bearing a scroll, upon which the names of "Thomson" and "Home," were inscribed. The female part of the audience might have vied, in beauty and elegance of dress, with the most captivating women in a London theatre. The performances were Othello, with the musical farce of The Farmer. Mr. Young sustained the part of the artless, credulous, and magnanimous Moor, with such discrimination and felicity of expression, as fully intitled him to the rapturous applauses which the audience bestowed on his efforts. His acting, upon this occasion, possessed peculiar charms to me, being led to imagine, from the similarity of names, that the Desdemona of the night actually was the dear partner of Othello's soul; which, however, was not the case, as I afterwards understood Mrs. Young* to be the wife of a physician at Edinburgh. An illusion, perhaps still more fascinating, takes possession of my senses, when I behold Mr. Young in the character of Hamlet. Mr. Young, while a child, passed some months in the isle of Zealand, and spent much of the time in Hamlet's garden, with the then Prince Royal, now King of Denmark, to whom Mr. Young highly recommended himself; and by nothing more so, perhaps, than by the consideration that the mother of his illustrious playfellow came from the country which gave existence to the "*pretty English boy*," as Mr. Young was called at the court

* This excellent actress performed some time in London. Her maiden name was Biggs.

of Denmark, from which he departed, loaded with caresses and presents. That these circumstances, (which I relate upon the authority of Mr. Fenwick, who was himself born at Elsinore,) may have contributed to the excellence which Mr. Young displays in Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark, or that they may safely be pleaded in bar of the awful judgment which has been denounced against that actor, who should believe himself transformed into the very character he represents, I will not certainly venture to assert; but the performance of Mr. Young, in the character of Hamlet, however exquisite it must appear to every description of beholders, in my opinion, derives additional interest from a knowledge that he himself acted the part of "*Damon* Dear" to a Danish prince, in those very scenes which have been charged with some of the most pathetic events in Danish history."

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from p. 242.)

HIGH as was the natural spirit of the landlady, yet it was evident, where interest was at stake, she could command it; and dropping another low curtsey, she begged my honour's honour would be pleased to follow her, when, throwing open the door of an opposite chamber, she requested to know whether it met with my *purbation*. Having inquired whether the bed had been recently slept in, and satisfied myself that it was well-aired, I ordered a pan of coals to be passed through it, and then desired Peggy to wrap a blanket round the invalid, when Mr. Maurice and myself conveyed her into what must have appeared a princely chamber; whilst the now officious landlady took leave, to make the mulled wine and water. Before I parted

from the grateful sufferer, I slipped a seven shilling piece into Peggy's hand, charging her not to leave the poor creature during the whole of the night, and promising a still farther recompence, if she added tenderness to her attentions.

The humane Mr. Maurice had, in the mean time, sent a prescription for some medicines; after which we remained near an hour together, expressing our sentiments both of the host and hostess, and each feeling a warm degree of interest in the fate of the unfortunate invalid. The softness of her hand, and the delicacy of her complexion, convinced us both that she was not born to poverty or distress; and the few words of gratitude which she had uttered, were couched in elegant language; yet, as the landlord had seemed averse to repeating the little he knew of her, I determined not to make any further inquiries, but retired to my chamber, delighted at having had an opportunity of relieving her distress. The next morning I had the pleasure of hearing, from Peggy, that the object of my solicitude had slept very well, and appeared so much refreshed by it, that she seemed like a new created being.

As I had invited Mr. Maurice to breakfast with me, he arrived about half past nine o'clock; having first visited his patient, whom he found wonderfully better than he expected; a circumstance which confirmed us in the opinion, that actual want had been the principal cause of her complaint. After conversing near an hour and a half upon different topics, the humane Mr. Maurice rose to take leave, but I requested him to accompany me into the chamber of the invalid, having first desired Peggy to inform her I wished to make inquiries after her health.

Upon entering the apartment, we found the poor sufferer supported by pillows; but every feature had acquired an astonishing degree of animation since the preceding evening. "Oh, my benefactor!" she exclaimed, as I entered, "in what words shall I convey my thanks?—You have saved a hapless wretch from destruction; you have not

only snatched me from the jaws of death, but, by your unmerited kindness, have taught me to believe I was not totally forsaken by the Great Author of my existence."—Observing large drops of affliction streaming from her eyelids, I implored her not to agitate her feelings, assuring her, that, by relieving the woes of others, I procured a large portion of gratification to myself. Mr. Maurice laid his injunctions upon her, not to fatigue herself by conversing; and as she expressed a wish of relating her history to us, we promised we would hear it on the following morning.

Although it interfered with my plans, to remain an unoccupied traveller, even for twenty-four hours, yet I had entered too deeply into the affairs of the unfortunate stranger, not to feel a degree of interest in her fate; and as Mr. Maurice assured me she would be able to relate her history on the following morning, without injuring her health, I determined to remain at the George on that day, and pursue my journey the following one.

The female, who had so warmly excited my humanity, appeared about twenty-two years of age; her person was rather below the middle stature, as far as I could judge, from having carried her the preceding night; her eyes were a dark hazel, shaded by the longest and finest lashes I ever beheld; her mouth was small, her nose aqueline, and her teeth ivory itself; in short, when we quitted the apartment, Maurice told me, he thought her the loveliest creature he had ever seen.

"She has been the dupe of some artful villain!" said he, "I am certain; and what a monster he must be, who could first ruin, and then forsake, such an angelic creature as that." Though I concurred in the apothecary's opinion, we both thought it prudent to defer our curiosity till the next day; though I determined to inquire of my friend Peggy by what conveyance she came to the George. All I could learn from that attentive female was, that the object of my solicitude had arrived in a return post-chaise, so ill

and enfeebled, that she was obliged immediately to go to bed; an indulgence which, both landlord and landlady had at first refused, in consequence of her having acknowledged that she had no money to pay for it; but that, upon her giving them some trinkets, which were tied up in a little bundle of apparel, they had consented to her occupying that little bed in the closet; "from which, sir," said the girl, "the poor creature would never have arisen, if God Almighty had not in mercy sent you to her aid."

Whilst Peggy was speaking, Mr. Maurice's chaise drove to the George door, with a servant in it, who informed his master he had been summoned to Sir Charles Desmond's, as his son and heir had been thrown from his curricle, and was not expected to live; "Doctor Fowler, sir," said he, "has likewise been sent for, and you must not lose a moment."

"It is a beautiful drive," said Mr. Maurice, addressing me, "and if you have no objection to riding in such an humble carriage as a gig, I shall be flattered by the honour of your company; and Sir Charles's steward will pay you every attention, whilst I am with my patient; in fact, he is a decayed gentleman, whom misfortune compelled to accept a dependant situation." The proposal was too pleasing to be rejected; and I accordingly stepped into the gig with my new friend, who amused me with a variety of anecdotes respecting the family he was going to attend, or rather the hopeful heir of it; who, according to his account, was a dissipated, thoughtless, and debauched young man.

We drove with as much rapidity as the horse could travel, and arrived at Sir C———'s elegant mansion in about an hour and a quarter. The worthy baronet met us at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, doctor! doctor! I fear I shall lose my son! His leg is broken, his shoulder dislocated, and with his blood in the state it is, we have every thing to dread from fever."

"Do not alarm yourself, Sir Charles, I intreat you," said

the consoling surgeon; "Mr. Desmond has had many hair-breadth escapes; and though, from the fractured bones, his sufferings must be exquisite, I trust they will not endanger his life:" then turning to me, he introduced me to the afflicted father as his particular friend. The baron, with that politeness which marks a well-bred gentleman, conducted me into the library, and apologizing for leaving me solus, ordered a variety of different refreshments to be brought in; and in less than a quarter of an hour re-entered, with a countenance pale as ashes, and eyes streaming with tears.

"If you are a father, sir," said he, "you will not condemn this feminine weakness; I could not witness my poor boy's sufferings any longer; the shoulder, thank God, is replaced, but the leg is so violently swollen, that it is impossible even to think of setting it."

"Though I am not a parent, Sir Charles," I replied, "I am a man endowed with compassion, and most sincerely sympathize in your distress." At that moment the door opened, and Doctor Fowler's name was announced by a servant; and Sir Charles again left me, to conduct him to the invalid's apartment. At the expiration of about half an hour, the physician and surgeon joined me; I arose, with an intention of quitting the room, but Mr. Maurice, turning to the doctor, again introduced me as his friend, intreating me not to quit the library, as they should be under no restraint from my presence.

I eagerly inquired in what state they had left their patient. "As you are not connected with the family, sir," said the doctor, "I may candidly express my sentiments; and tell you, with grief of heart, I do not think it possible the dissipated and ill-fated young man can live. His pulse," continued he, "is one hundred and ninety; and it is not only a compound fracture, but the leg is terribly lacerated."

In this opinion Mr. Maurice coincided. The housekeeper was immediately summoned, to give directions re-

specting fomentations; when my new friend apologized for being under the necessity of detaining me, but declaring that he must wait until he had applied them. The distressed baronet soon joined us. "Doctor Fowler," said he, "I implore you to give your candid opinion: is not the case dangerous—is it not hopeless—must I not endeavour to fortify my mind, to bear the loss of my son?"

"My dear Sir Charles," replied the humane physician, whilst the precious gem of sensibility trembled in his eye, "the case, I grieve to say, is dangerous, but, thank God, not hopeless; your son has youth on his side; and, if we can abate the swelling by fomentations, the pain will naturally decrease, and the pulse decline."

"He is young in years, but old in constitution," rejoined the agonized father, clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes to heaven: "Great God!" continued he, as he paced the room with a hurried motion, "in pity, in mercy, spare my boy!" then striking his forehead with a frenzied motion, he rushed out of the room. "Amen! amen!" exclaimed the worthy physician, as the unbidden dew of commiseration stole down his manly cheeks; whilst my heart so sincerely participated in the distressed parent's feelings, that I actually found myself unable to speak. We remained silent about five minutes, when Doctor Fowler proposed shewing me the grounds, informing me he should wait a couple of hours to see the effect of the fomentation, and until Mr. Maurice's footman, who attended us on horseback, returned with the medicines. From this intelligent man's conversation I discovered, that though Sir Charles Desmond was blessed with rank and riches, he was by no means one of fortune's favourite children; for, within the space of eighteen months, he had lost a woman on whom his soul doated, a brother whom he was tenderly attached to, and three lovely children; and, to complete the bitter cup he had been doomed to swallow, the heir of his title and riches was apparently upon his death-bed. He had, it is true, two other surviving children, but they were

both little girls; and, in case of the son's death, the estate devolved to a branch of the family with whom Sir Charles was not upon terms of friendship.

Had my mind been in a frame to enjoy the beauties of nature, I should have been delighted with the surrounding scenes; but I too deeply participated in the ill-fated Sir Charles Desmond's sorrows, to be able to receive any pleasure from viewing them. Upon our return, Doctor Fowler again visited his patient, but had the mortification of finding the fomentation had not produced the desired effect; in fact, both himself and Mr. Maurice were of opinion, that amputation was the only chance of preserving their patient's existence; and the former undertook to impart the distressing intelligence to Sir Charles, still consoling him with the hope that a few hours might produce a favourable symptom; but, at any rate, requesting that a messenger might immediately be dispatched to Carlisle, to Mr. Farish, a surgeon of high eminence. After passing near five hours at the splendid mansion of Sir Charles Desmond's, Mr. Maurice took his leave; compelled to do so, for the purpose of visiting several other patients; but promising to return late in the evening, with the intention of sitting up with the unfortunate young man.

It was precisely four when we arrived at our quarters; my new acquaintance invited me to dine with him, but going into the kitchen, and seeing some fine rump steaks, with mushroom sauce, just ready to be placed upon the landlord's table, I inquired whether we could not have them; and being answered in the affirmative, I persuaded my companion to partake of them; but, previous to his visiting his other patients, we ascended the stairs together, to inquire after my invalid's health. She was up, and dressed in a clean dark chambrey; and, though a great degree of langour was perceptible on her features, yet I could scarcely believe it was the same person whom I had seen the preceding evening. She arose, or rather attempt-

ed to do so, upon our entrance, but debility compelled her to resume the seat; she again addressed me, in a tone of gratitude, and in the same strain of thankfulness she accosted her medical friend, declaring she was impatient to convince us she was not wholly unworthy the attentions she had received. I reminded her, that it had been agreed that she should postpone relating her history until the following morning; but upon Mr. Maurice observing he feared he should not be able to hear the recital, she assured us her history was very short, and would only take up a few minutes—"And," added she, turning to her medical assistant, "as you live in this neighbourhood, sir, you may probably be able to satisfy my mind, by informing me whether Sir Charles Desmond's son is now at his father's country seat."

A look of astonishment at the name, passed between us; when Maurice, taking out his watch, said, "if her history was short, he would contrive to stay and hear it, and then answer her question."

"Do not think, gentlemen, I mean to conceal my name, for any intentional disgrace being attached to it—though disgraced, heaven knows I am. But, my father—oh, my dear respected father—he would die, I am certain, was he to know the situation to which I have reduced myself."—As she said this, she clasped her hands together, and burst into a flood of tears; recovering herself in a few moments, thus proceeded—"You see before you, gentlemen, the eldest child of a clergyman, who resides about five miles from Oxford. My father, without being a severe parent, was very rigid in his ideas respecting female propriety; and strictly forbade both myself and sisters, from having any acquaintance with the Oxonians. It is now, however, about eighteen months since chance brought me acquainted with Mr. Desmond; he professed for me the most tender attachment, and my weak heart believed all his professions. Greatly did I err, in permitting his private visits

but, after having passed a whole week in his society, at the house of a friend, he had acquired such an undoubted sway over my actions, that I found it impossible to resist his intreaties.

"Endowed by nature with the most dazzling qualities, which were aided by the most insinuating address, surely the most severe will find some excuses for the unsuspecting confidence of an artless unsophisticated girl. Had Mr. Desmond ever presumed to take the slightest liberty, or had he not, from our first acquaintance, assured me that his views were honourable, I should have guarded my heart against all his rhetoric; and an innate sense of virtue and propriety would have been my support; but marriage was his constant theme, though of a private nature; as he represented his father as morose and cruel, and moreover, he assured me, that he wished to sacrifice him to fortune, age, and rank. Not to tire your patience, gentlemen, Mr. Desmond, about six months back, urged such powerful reasons to induce me to consent to a private union, that, in an evil hour, I consented. We met at the house of an old servant, who had lived many years in my deceased mother's family, but who had married a decent farmer in our neighbourhood; my seducer, (for in no other light can I now consider him) had been waiting some time for me, accompanied by a pretended clergyman, and furnished with a spurious especial licence, signed by the Bishop of London. The man, who had presumed to take the sacred office of clergyman upon him, then presented me with a certificate of my marriage; and I returned home, with a depression of spirits, which too fatally foreboded the misfortune into which I had injudiciously precipitated myself. It had been previously agreed, that Mrs. Warren, the name of the attached woman in whose house the ceremony had been performed, should in the afternoon come to the parsonage, for the purpose of inviting me to spend the evening with a party of young

friends, and, as I had frequently slept there, request my father to indulge me with that privilege on that fatal evening. My father, though unaccustomed to make any objections to my visiting this worthy woman, raised a variety upon that memorable occasion; but they were at length over-ruled, by my intreaties, united to Mrs. Warren's strong solicitation.

"Fatal compliance! unfortunate indulgence! My impatient lover, and imaginary husband, was waiting for us at a short distance from the house; and met me with that appearance of transport which evinced a violent passion, and a tenderness of affection.

"To curtail my melancholy narrative as much as possible, for the space of three months we contrived frequently to meet, clandestinely, at our confidential friend's house, when I began to fancy I perceived an abatement in my husband's affection, and, of course, became miserable. It was in vain that I urged him to acknowledge our marriage; instead of endeavouring to satisfy my scruples respecting our clandestine intercourse, he frequently flew into violent passions, and inquired whether I wished to ruin him in the opinion of his father. At length the long vacation approached—I trembled at the bare idea of Mr. Desmond's leaving Oxford—and, at the last interview we ever had, I threw myself on my knees before him, and told him I had reason to believe that I should in time become a mother. He appeared much disconcerted at this intelligence, but recovering his composure, intreated me to take some medicines, with which he would furnish me, for the purpose of destroying the already, to me, dear embrio. My heart sickened with horror at this inhuman proposition, and I could not avoid expressing the sentiments it inspired; a violent quarrel was the consequence, and he dropped a few words, in the heat of passion, which opened my eyes to his deceit. He left me, however, in a state of fury and resentment; and the next day the kind-

hearted Mrs. Warren consented to take a letter for me to Oxford; but, judge of my horror, my distress, and indignation, when she returned with the intelligence, that my undoer was gone to his father's country seat. A dangerous and dreadful illness was the consequence of this act of cruelty and indifference; but the moment I recovered strength sufficient to support the fatigue of travelling, I resolved to see my seducer, if I expired at his feet; for I had frequently written during my indisposition, but was never favoured with a single line.

"My respected father, fortunately, had not the most distant idea of the cause of my indisposition; and, about a fortnight ago, was summoned upon particular business into Wales; then was the time I resolved to put my plan into execution, and, under pretence of passing a few days with my friend, Mrs. Warren, I quitted my home, and taking a place in the ——— coach, set out upon my expedition, in a state of mind actually bordering upon distraction. The fatigue of travelling, united to the agitation of my feelings, brought on a return of fever, and I remained at an inn, about twenty miles from this place, until my little supply of money was all expended, when the incivility of the landlord and landlady compelled me to leave the house. I travelled on foot, until exhausted nature compelled me to rest upon the road; a return post-chaise came by soon after, and the humane driver of it offered me a seat. He brought me to this house, where I was at first refused admission; but showing the landlord a few trinkets of some value, he consented to my having a bed that evening; the next morning I was unable to rise out of it; and, had it not been for your kindness and humanity, gentlemen, my life and sorrows would ere now have been at an end."

(To be continued.)

AN ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH FAIR,

BY A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

" Ah! qui ne l'aimeroit! sur son front la pudeur,
" Retrace, sans effort, les vertus de son cœur."

ENTHUSIASTICALLY attached to the interests of my fair countrywomen—this attachment, ardent, and sincere, is the only apology I shall make for presenting them with the following address—an address, not indeed calculated to display the flowery graces of rhetoric, nor the varied elegancies of style, but simple and unadorned—an address dictated by the warm feelings of the heart.

Created the companion, the friend of man, woman is gifted with qualities admirably adapted to soften and refine the severity of his nature; to restrain the boisterous impetuosity of his passions, and by creating in him the love of social enjoyments, to excite in him the love of the social virtues. Possessing an influence so amiable—a power so delightful!—is it not to be lamented, that there exists a poison which prevents their exertion, and, in some measure, counteracts the intentions of nature? Assuredly it is so. That poison is affectation. Oh! if you knew, my lovely friends, to what an incalculable disadvantage you appear while under its distorting influence, how needless would be this cautionary address. On the other hand, observe the unassuming fair, her native grace, her modest deportment—behold the eyes and the hearts of all men, of real sense and worth, follow her wherever she moves.—How irresistibly attractive she appears! for she is superior to the petty—the false embellishments of affectation. Contrast her with one whose beauty at least might be called equal to hers: compare the meretricious movements of this one as she walks, and her studied attitudes when sitting, accompanied with the affected lisp, the conceited laugh, and all

those airs peculiar to a coquette—compare these with the easy dignity and amiable artlessness so conspicuous in the deportment of the other.—Compare them, and, believe me, you will not—you cannot—be the worse for the comparison. For my own part, the sensations I experience, while conversing with an elegant female devoid of affectation, are such as I cannot define—sensations, in the highest degree gratifying to a heart, not yet corrupted by the vices of the metropolis, and which still can vibrate at the touch of sensibility!—Nor, believe me, am I singular in my sentiments. I have the happiness of being in habits of intimacy with men of sterling worth and gentlemanly accomplishments, who look with an eye of pity on the attempts of the coquette, to extort that admiration, which will fall, unsolicited, to the lot of the unassuming fair.

Pardon, my lovely friends, oh, pardon the earnestness with which I address you. A native of that happy land, a member of that glorious constitution, which nations may envy, but worlds cannot subdue, my tongue has ever been, and still is accustomed, to give utterance to the feelings of my heart. Suffer me then, with the manly freedom of a Briton, to complete the picture I have attempted to delineate. Superior, far superior as is our happy island, to the nations which surround it, let us strive to render ourselves worthy of the blessings we enjoy; and, as the firm valour and undaunted courage of Britons will ever prove an insurmountable barrier against the invasion of French armies, so let all ranks and conditions among us be vigilant to resist the invasion of French morals. The rage for Parisian fashions, and the mania of Gallic innovations in our language and habits, call loudy for the interference of all lovers of their country. Arrayed in the elegant simplicity of their native land, adorned with the graces of artless nature, resplendent with the gem of modesty, with the lustre of chastity! what Englishman can refuse the homage of his heart to the lovely, the interesting, the virtuous British fair?—Indeed, indeed, not I

—nor any true-born Englishman. But if there can exist among the free-born sons of Britannia, a man so dead to sensibility; so destitute of every noble, every generous feeling, as to behold, without emotions of joy and exultation, the charms, the endowments, the virtues of his countrywomen—a man, whose depraved and miserable taste cannot find one among them capable of fixing his affections, let that man no longer disgrace his country with his presence—let him quickly depart, and seek upon the continent an 'help-mate for him.' He may there, perchance, find one worthy of becoming the friend of his bosom, the constant partaker of his joys and sorrows, the mother of his children!—one who has no relish for ruinous expence, nor vicious dissipation—one, to whom her husband, her children, and her home, are sources of the most heart-felt delight—who turns with abhorrence from the despicable abbé, or vile cicisbeo-wretches, that would rob a husband of his rights, and blast, unfeelingly blast, that happiness, which a fond parent must experience in the smiles of his children, by the cruelest, the bitterest of doubts! Such a wife, perchance, may be fonnd in countries, where the lovely virtues of female chastity and conjugal fidelity are neglected and despised—but how great is the uncertainty! how fearful are the odds! Oh! my deluded countrymen! there are yet many, very many, among the beauties of this happy isle, in whom virtue appears in her most attractive form, graced with the most engaging qualities—in whom wit, good-nature, unaffected modesty, and refined sensibility, shine with unabated lustre, exalted by the practice of religion and virtue.

But whither am I hurried by the enthusiasm of my feelings? Glowing with the interest with which my subject has inspired me, I could write, nay, perhaps have already written, to a wearisome length. Yet forgive me, lovely friends: ye, for whom I have hastily penned this imperfect, but well-meant address, will, I trust, exert the benevolence of your natures to overlook its manifold

defects; and should I be so happy as to prevail upon any of the fair readers of this widely diffused miscellany, to substitute the affecting graces of artlessness and simplicity for the disgusting deformity of coquetry and affectation, they may rest in the fullest assurance that, by so happy a resolution, their minds will lose none of its elegant polish, their beauty will be rendered more, oh! infinitely more affecting, and will acquire a sweeter, a more seductive expression; in a word, my lovely countrywomen, you will thereby more effectually command the homage of every sensible, of every manly heart; and will daily, hourly, rise in the estimation of every real gentleman.

Nov. 8, 1809. A FRIEND OF THE FAIR.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. XVI.

TO CLEAN SILK, OR SATIN, EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD OR SILVER.

TAKE stale bread crumbled fine, and mixed with powder blue, rub it well over the embroidery; shake it off, and with soft rags dust it clean; then take a piece of crimson velvet and rub the flowers till they are bright.

TO MAKE CORDIAL POPPY WATER.

To half a peck of poppies add a gallon of the best brandy, put them in a wide stone vessel, and let them stand forty-eight hours, after which strain the poppies out. Take a pound of sun raisins stoned, an ounce of coriander-seeds, an ounce of sweet fennel seeds, and an ounce of liquorice sliced, bruise them all together, and put them into the brandy, with a pound of Lisbon sugar, or coarse sugar-candy, and let it stand three or four weeks, shaking it every day; strain it off, and bottle the liquor for use; add a quart of brandy to the remaining ingredients, which, if

closely corked, will be good for a twelvemonth. A glass of this liquor is esteemed excellent for any spasm or bowel complaint. This may be made with half the quantity specified.

SAILOR AND COUNSEL.

ON a trial at the Admiralty Sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asked one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. "Plaintiff or defendant!" says the sailor, scratching his head, "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that there!" pointing to the prisoner—"You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!" Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time? "Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?"—"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor, "are not you a pretty fellow of a counsellor," pointing to him archly with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is!"

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—Plain white cambric dress, made close to fit the neck, and ornamented with needle-work. A scarlet mantle of kerseymere, the hood lined with white silk; a straw woodland bonnet, with a sprig of geranium in front. Buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A purple Indian silk dress, with white satin sleeves, made square on the bosom; bonnet to correspond with the dress, a white feather in front, to fall over on one side. A rich elastic worsted scarf, to terminate with tassels. Diamond necklace. White kid gloves.

London Dresses for December.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry December 1. 1809

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO ENGLAND.

Ama regem et patriam tuam.

HAIL, lovely spot, thou blest and happy isle!
Where freedom dwells, where health and beauty smile,
Thy chalky cliffs withstand the swelling tide,
On which thy gallant fleets superbly ride;
And tow'ring through the sea thy foes disarm,
Shielding thy natives from impending harm.
Hail Britain's monarch, GEORGE, thou best of kings!
Thy glorious name through every nation rings;
Long hast thou worn with honour England's crown,
And well thy love of mercy claims renown;
"Long live our king!" in shouts shall rend the air,
"Long may he reign!" is every Briton's prayer.
When to the verge of life thou'rt drawing near,
Thy sterling goodness claims affection's tear;
When death at thee shall aim his poignant dart,
And with terrific force shall strike thy heart;
O may that God, who dwells in realms above,
Look down upon thee with celestial love;
Then wilt thou there magnificently shine,
Blest with a heav'nly crown and grace divine.

Ipswich, Oct. 25, 1809. W. B. BRANSBY.

APOSTROPHE TO BEECH GROVE,

A beautiful Spot, situated near Burford, in Oxfordshire.

AH! peaceful spot! where nature's loveliest bloom
In rich luxuriance spreads a thousand charms,
Tho' long a stranger to thy woodland gloom,
The fond impression still my bosom warms.

Tho' torn for ever from thy walks so green,
Thy paths entangled, and thy rural bow'rs,
Yet mem'ry still retains the distant scene,
And forms the solace of my pensive hours.

The wild Elysium of thy woodbine shade,
First taught my tongue to lisp the measur'd line;
The hallow'd thickets of thy silent glade
First saw me bending at the Muse's shrine.

How oft, when stretch'd upon thy leafy ground,
Each anxious trouble lull'd to sweetest rest,
Burst on the gale, that gently sported round,
The warm effusions of my raptur'd breast!

Ah! blest retreat! where thoughtful and alone,
So oft I've watch'd the close of parting day!
How oft I've listen'd, while in mellow tone,
The blackbird warbled from the distant spray!

How have I caught, with exquisite delight,
The varied sounds that struck my ravish'd ears!
And o'er the landscape, fainting on the sight,
Cast a wide glance, and melted into tears!

Oh! I have stray'd amid thy lofty trees,
And paus'd in ecstasy, devoid of speech;
While o'er my head the summer's gentle breeze
Died in soft murmurs on the nodding beech!

Such was my lot in childhood's happier days,
E'er my young bosom felt affliction's storms;
E'er absence snatch'd the prospect from my gaze,
And cank'ring sorrow rear'd her meagre form.

But doom'd, sweet spot! thy rural charms to fly,
Far from thy shades, from all thy pleasures torn,
I cherish mem'ry with a pensive sigh,
And trace them but to weep, remember but to mourn.

OSCAR.

REFLECTIONS

IN HORSHAM CHURCH-YARD.

BENEATH these turfs, these hillocks green,
Ah! think what mould'ring bodies lie;
Which once like us alive, were seen
To lightly laugh, or sadly sigh!

How many here the dead among,
Have doubtless walk'd amid these tombs,
With rosy cheek, and flippant tongue,
Unthoughtful of their certain dooms.

But now promiscuous side by side,
The gay, the grave, the vile, the vain,
Lie still—and still they must abide,
As well the pious as profane.

Alike in dust they mingle here;
Greatness has now forgot its pow'r;
The low no more the lordly fear,
Nor homage in this equal bow'r.

The saint, the sinner, friends, and foes,
The poor, the pious, young, and old,
Alike these narrow tombs inclose,
And no distinction to behold.

Save what the power of pride uprears,
To keep alive the *rich man's* name;
His consequence to future years;
But why, ah! why, this wish for fame?

Was it his virtues made him great,
Or did his vices raise him high?
Then why this pageantry of state,
Only to let the victim die!

Is there more worth beneath this sod,
Than yonder, where no stone is seen?
Was he more faithful to his God,
More worthy to adorn the scene?

Or but to mock the mould'ring bone,
To tantalize the sleeping dust;
To say it lives, it breathes in stone,
To future days in marble bust?

Oh vanity, how vain art thou!
Couldst not thou living satiate
Thy inmost wonted pride, that now
Thy body here must rot in state?

The lowly stone more welcome is,
That love and kind affection rear,
To 'memorate the last sad kiss,
And monument the falling tear.

But I could wish the time might be,
That wealth might give the place to worth,
That pride should yield to piety,
And gold no more be priz'd on earth.

To those alone of virtuous fame,
Should monumental piles be given;
Whose rectitude deserves a name,
Befitting well the book of heaven.

S. W.

TO THE LILY.

EMBLEM of youth and purity,
How much thy simple charms delight;
Mid Flora's choicest, fairest gifts,
Thy beauty most enchants the sight.

When Phœbus to the west retires,
And sable night begins her reign;
I see thee close thy modest flow'r,
And dewy tears thy charms profane.

But when the rosy-finger'd morn
Unfolds the orient gates of light,
Thy modest flow'r refresh'd appears,
And seems more lovely to the sight.

Like thee, sweet flow'r, in night I pine,
And piercing griefs my bosom press;
To thee the morn new pleasure brings,
To me, alas! some new distress.

Oct. 1809. CHARLES SAIME.

YOUTHFUL HOPE.

HOPE, to thy cheering influence we owe
Whate'er delights or sweetens life below,
By thy blest charm our present pain we lose,
As future prospects happiness disclose;
In youthful days thy magic pow'rs impart,
With fancy's aid sweet pleasure to the heart,
Distrust and fear to apathy consign'd,
Cloud not the sunshine of th' enchanted mind;
Life's future joys seem present to the view,
And hope half perfects what the fancy drew.

Oct. 1809. CHARLES SAIME.

SONNET.

VIRTUE, first gift of heav'n, 'tis thee I hail,
Whether I find thee in the gay resorts,
Mid all the pomp and pageantry of courts,
Or in the humble cottage of the vale;
'Tis thy sweet influence that gives a zest
To every sphere in life, with thee no tear
Of real misery falls, when thou art near;
Calm'd is each struggling tumult of the breast,
The shiv'ring victim of misfortune's rage,
From kindred, home, from friends and country driv'n,
Worn out with sickness, famine, and old age,
And 'reft of every stay but thee and heav'n;
Smiles at the storms of fate that round him rise,
And courts thy seraph wing to bear him to the skies.

H. C.

TO THE OCEAN.

HOW calm thy vast profound, oh, briny Ocean!
O'er thy dread surface silence creeps serene;
No wind impetuous, and no rude commotion,
Burst on the stillness of the peaceful scene;
The settling billows of thy spacious deep
No longer rend the shore, or mount the craggy steep.

Warn'd by the shades, in dusky forms extending,
All nature smiling, yields to balmy rest;
Faint beams the orb of light, and slow descending,
In blushing glory slumbers on thy breast;
Each breeze retiring to its lonely cell,
Sinks on the bed of night, and whispers out farewell.

Save when along thy wide expansion gliding,
The wand'ring sea-fowl screams her parting lay;
Save when from yonder vessel gently riding,
Soft swells the anthem to expiring day.
No sound obtruding, strikes the list'ning ear,
Or breaks the pensive calm, to meditation dear.

Oh, dread abyss! thou source of awful wonder!
Whether I view thee when the tempest roars,
When o'er thee rolls the sullen peal of thunder,
And loudly beating on thy echoing shores,
Up the tall cliff thy surge impetuous flies,
Clings to the howling blast, and mingles with the skies.

Whether I view thee when at eve resorting,
Down to the sandy beach my footsteps roam,
When gentle zephyrs on thy bosom sporting,
Kiss thy salt billows, tipp'd with curling foam;
When hush'd to rest, in smooth unruffl'd form,
Sleeps on thy sinking wave the fury of the storm.

Alike I feel the secret glow of pleasure;
Thy varied scenes emotions sweet impart;
Thy boundless track unfolds an endless treasure,
Exalts the soul, or melts the ravish'd heart;
Alike in thee I read a Maker's praise,
When loud the whirlwind sweeps, or soft the zephyr plays.

Perch'd on these rocks, whose solid base defying,
Frowns on thy waves, and mocks thy raging force,
Here will I watch the drowsy night-birds flying,
And trace the progress of thy rapid course;
Here will I mark the fluctuating tide,
And from thy changes learn the fallacy of pride.

CAROL.

SONNET,

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PALE star of ev'ning, as my pensive eye,
Dimm'd with the gush of adoration's tear,
Soars thro' yon azure canopy of sky,
To the bright confines of thy chrystal sphere,
What soothing transports steal upon my breast;
For, as I contemplate thy glim'ring ray,
Some kindred spirit, from thy heav'n of rest,
Seems shrouded there, and beckons me away.
Oh! could I, verging to my last long home,
Far from each sick'ning scene of sorrow fly,
And, quitting earth for heav'n, with thee become
The happy tenant of yon cloudless day,
My soul, emerging from her mortal shrine,
Might then perhaps enjoy serenity like thine!

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

Car-nation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RATHER than disoblige a regular correspondent, we sometimes insert the extracts sent us, though it is a practice we wish to avoid as much as possible. N. Fraisinet has, we are convinced, sufficient stores in his own fertile genius to render such resources unnecessary.

We have inserted the last supply of "The Miseries of Human Life," but the subject is not generally amusing; and we must beg the author to excuse our rejection of any more.

We have been under the necessity of omitting the latter part of "Highland Characters" this month, as it would have occupied so much room, that several of our other subjects must have been excluded.

Several favours of our poetical correspondents are unavoidably deferred.

Want of room also obliges us to leave many unacknowledged, which shall be duly noticed in our next.

The "Leading Star" is so defectve in point of rhyme, that we cannot promise to insert it, unless the author will favour us with a more correct copy.

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ERRATA.

Page 98, in the Dramatis Personæ, *insert* "Florian, Mr. Jones."
—— 180, line 13, and page 183, line 25, *for* "Frederick," *read* "Theodore."
—— 203 and 227, *for* "Mowbray," *read* "Dashwood."
Damon and Lucinda, page 220, line 11, *for* "face," *read* "cheek"—line 22, *for* "clear," *read* "dear"—line 23, *for* "Oh," *read* "Now."
Page 221, line 15, *for* "found," *read* "formed,"
—— 323 —— 2, *for* "storms," *read* "storm,"—and last line, *for* "to," *read* "we."

END OF VOL. VII.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square, London.